

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

Gen. Sherman.

The General of our army, whose salary is \$13,000 a year, came among us three days, and we shook off bureau restraint and conventionalities, and exchanged opinions freely.

Sherman is a pure, frank type of man, who will have and hold his own. He substitutes for mere imagination a short-cut, original observation, which is charming and surprising. In thirty minutes he will say so many new, pithy, innocent things of depth that you begin to feel that your man has just come into the world seeking after truth, and does not know what anybody had said previously on the same subjects. This quality of first-sight never grows vagaries and lapses into the mere verbosity of a professional talker—one of those elbow-chair fellows who sentimentalize, talk a straight rhapsody sprinkled with inconsequential anecdote, and kill time and thought like a masculine Dorcas Society. Sherman says much in little, with vistas of silence between, like the passing ships you see, small and suggestive, on the water-line. Not dogmatic, but little given to qualifying anything he is sure of, there is yet a cool, soldier's materialism about him which is contented with a fact, and leaves the reason for it to somebody else.

"The French are not a military people," he said; "they may have been at some day, but the spirit is not there now. They live in a simple way in their little villages, and try to avoid the conscription." How palpable, and yet previously unsaid, is this remark! Again, Sherman remarked: "I think city and county corporations, and their abuses, are more dangerous than the railroad corporations. The one is a long line; the other is the whole area. Every town of any proportions in America is bonded away by the least responsible people in it, and taxation is rising around us like a freshet. Stop these local politicians from selling good citizens out; that's where competition begins and ends." At another time he alluded to Washington City life, and expressed the sentiment that he was not wholly satisfied with it all. There were a set of bureau-officers there who were tenacious of their places, and perpetually and annoyingly apprehensive of being transferred to some other points of duty. "I prefer the West," said the General, "and think my California experience was the healthiest and most useful I ever had." He further said he had formed no very high estimate of the destinies of Europe; had little or no desire to return there, and had never been tired but once in his life, when he ascended Vesuvius and returned the same afternoon.—*Seaside Letter.*

All's Well That Ends Well.

Saturday evening, says the Sacramento Union, a gentleman in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad Company drove out to a place about fifteen miles from the city, where his family are stopping, and soon afterward started on his return to town. Before starting he lighted his meerschaum and indulged in a long and pleasant smoke as he drove along. This over, he placed the pipe in the outer breast pocket of his coat, and paid no more attention to it. By and by a peculiar smell greeted his olfactory—smell of burning woolen cloth—and, as it increased, he began to look about to see if his garments were on fire, and at the first movement he found that the whole pocket had burned out of his coat, and the fire was spreading rapidly. He grabbed at the burning material hastily, but was so nervous about it that he frightened the horse, and the animal ran. To make matters worse, the lines were not buckled together, and one slipped out of his grasp while he was endeavoring to smother the fire with his other hand. Still worse, the increased speed increased the breeze, which fanned the fire, and portions of it dropped down upon his pants, burning through them, and causing him to bounce up and down on the seat as though he were trying to settle an unusually hearty meal! And there he was—horse running away, line dragging, and fire rapidly making the cuticle of his leg rival the hue of his red-flannel underclothing! At last by dint of dexterous clawing he managed to smother the fire, then stepped out on the shafts and recovered the line, and in course of time subdued the horse. Exceedingly thankful to get out of his trouble without broken bones, he rode out to the city in a subdued frame of mind, and never thought of being profane until, just as he was quietly slipping into a clothing-store with the buffed robe gathered about him to conceal the deficiency of his wardrobe, he met full in the face two lady friends, who insisted upon his escorting them home, and wanted to know what in the world he had got himself wrapped up that way for?

SINGULAR LIGHTNING STROKE.—The Wilmington Commercial says that on Tuesday last, while working in the woods, William Palmer, of Concord, Delaware county, was struck by lightning. The current entered below the left shoulder-blade, and passed down the left side, tearing and burning the skin, but not injuring the clothes in any way. Mr. Palmer was not stunned in the least, but felt disposed to lie down, and so walked to a good place, where he prostrated himself, and instructed his son to throw some water over him, when he (the son) took his shoe and carried some water, which he dashed on his father. Mr. Palmer was afterward taken home, and has not yet recovered from the shock received. He had been driving wedges with a maul at the time he was struck, and the handle of that implement was shivered to splinters by the current which struck him.

EMMA BLACK, living in a small town on the Mississippi, saved a man's life the other day in a curious way. He was fishing, and tumbled out of his boat, and being unable to swim, would have perished had not the maiden, discovering his danger, swam out to him, and throwing into his hands her back hair, four feet in length, towed him to the land.

The Nile.

The sources of the Nile are contained in the rain-clouds of the equator, which pour themselves down on the forest plateau, form into a thousand rivers, and finally collect in enormous lakes, the precise number and importance of which are yet to be determined. From Baker's Albert Nyanza—the most northerly in latitude and lowest in level of these inland seas—the Nile runs toward Europe and plunges into the Sahara. From its great equatorial reservoirs it receives a sufficiency of water to maintain its existence throughout this land of fire, where all other rivers are speedily extinguished. But the Nile not only flows through the Sahara, it also overflows the flat country lying near its mouth, and, casting mud on the surface of the sand, creates that meadow which is called Egypt.

Now this black mud does not come from the lands of the equator; the waters of the Nile are clear, or white; and although the lakes can keep the Nile alive in its journey through the desert, they cannot make it overflow. Whence, then, proceed these rich soil-laden and redundant waters to the weary Nile?

On the right-hand side of that flowing river, between its waters and the Red sea, a cluster of mountains rises in the air. These are the highlands of Ethiopia—the romantic Abyssinia, the Switzerland of Africa; and down these hilly slopes, at a certain season of the year, rush two noisy streams—the Blue or Black Nile, and the Atbara—which, stripping their country of its black upper soil, fall into the Nile, and bestow upon it such a wealth of water that, as soon as it escapes from the rocky walls which line its course in the Nubian desert, it is forced to overflow.

Thus the Nile is created by the rainfall of the equator, and Egypt by the rainfall of the tropics. If the White Nile did not exist, the Black Nile would be nothing—it would perish in the sand. But if the Black Nile did not exist, the White Nile would be merely a barren river in a sandy plain, with some Arab encampments on its banks.—*Winwood Reade's "African Sketch-Book."*

Nails.

Every farmer who has had occasion to drive a nail into seasoned oak posts knows its liability to bend and break. If the point be moistened in the mouth it will usually drive more kindly. Oil is still better, but then it is inconvenient to dip each nail separately into it. Another point observed is that boards become loose eventually from the rusting of the nails, which communicating to the wood, causes not only an enlargement of the nail hole, but the wearing away of the nail itself, rendering the fence or building shaky and insecure. This may be prevented by heating any rough grease until it smokes and then pouring it over the nails to be used. The grease will penetrate the pores of the iron, and cause the nails to last, without rusting, an indefinite period. Besides this no trouble will then be experienced in driving them into the hardest wood. The reason is that the coating of grease prevents contact by air, and consequently oxidation. Oxygen is the great destroyer of iron, and moisture is the inducing cause. Anything which is kept from contact with the air is preserved indefinitely, and if it is kept dry the effect is measurably the same. Paint upon buildings prevents the contact of air and moisture. If the whole fence cannot be painted, the heads, at least, of the nails should be touched therewith.

A Couple Married Three Times.

The men are few to whose lot it has fallen to be married three times; rare, though less rare, are the women who have achieved three ceremonies of that interesting character; but here we have a couple who have been married three times to each other. Nine years ago Mr. Charles Wood, then living in De Kalb county, of this State, was united in marriage to Miss Martha Bailey. Within a year or two, she developed what Capt. Dalroy calls, "a very large temper," and Mr. Wood procured a divorce. A year or two more elapsed, they came together again, buried the hatchet or the broom-stick, or whatever it is that typifies domestic warfare, and were married again. This time the conjugal peace was destroyed by the green-eyed monster, and the second divorce was procured at his suit on a charge of adultery. Then Mr. Wood moved to Iowa, his divorced wife remaining in De Kalb county. A short time ago she wrote to him, asking if he would not take care of the children, to which petition came the reply, "Yes, and of you too." She went to him, and is now, for the third time, his wife.—*Chicago Times.*

A Mormon Husband's Miseries.

From a recent sermon by Brigham Young we extract these touching remarks:

Brother George Q. Cannon says the sisters have borne a great deal. So they have, but if they could only stand in the shoes of their husbands, who are good, true, and faithful, they would know that they are by no means free from perplexities. Just fancy a man with two, three or half a dozen of his beloved wives catching him on one side, and before he can take three steps more catching him on the other, and "I want this," "I want that," and "This is not right," "This is not right," and so on; their minds split pulled to pieces. I say if the hair is spared on their heads, they may consider that they have blessed good wives. I have as many wives as any other man, and I keep my hair yet. But as to trials, why, bless your hearts, the man or woman who tries to live according to the Gospel of the Son of God, and at the same time clings to the spirit of the world, has trials and sorrows acute and keen, that too continually.

DECIDEDLY the newest thing in the way of expositions is the one which is now in progress at the North Woodthick Gardens, near London. It is an exhibition of beards and mustaches, to compete for certain prizes. Surely it must be an inspiring sight, these hirsuted specimens of manhood standing in a row, each duly ticketed to show his class and number. Of course the judges are ladies,—mature ladies, let us hope, and beyond the years of susceptibility.

The Instinct of Locality.

A short time ago an account was given of a dog that had been carried seven hundred miles somewhere at the West, but not liking the place, alone, guided by a faculty quite unknown to man, he footed his way to his old loved home without making inquiries, consulting a guide-book, or traveling out of the way, at the rate of nearly a hundred miles each day. An old horse, purchased of a farmer in Vermont, many years since, was shipped at Seabrook, Conn., with others, to the West Indies, for grinding cane. A storm occurring in Long Island Sound, the deck horses were washed overboard and supposed to have been lost. The old Vermont, however, reached land in the darkness of a stormy night, and, finally, was found standing at the barn-door of his old home. The horse had never been far from the town till sold, therefore could not have been familiar with the way. Carrier-pigeons perform feats as swift messengers through the air because they are in a hurry to reach home. However far they may be carried confined in baskets, they invariably speed their way, without resting on the voyage, till they reach the place dear to their affections. In 1819, from a view to ascertain their speed, a pigeon was carried from Antwerp to London, and there liberated. The bird was at its cote, having flown 180 miles in a straight line in just six hours. Horses, mules, dogs, cats, and all the migrating birds, find their way as unerringly as the carrier-pigeon does, but how they do it is beyond our ken. Some imagine birds see telescopically one or two hundred miles, when high in the air, and over tops of mountains. But the theory throws no light upon the movements of the mule that found his home in Brazil, hundreds of miles over a region where man could hardly move, having neither a path to follow nor a companion to lead the way. Science, therefore, has something more to do to clear up this mystery.

Freaks of Lightning.

At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a letter was read from M. A. Parent, giving an account of the effects of a violent stroke of lightning which fell on the 29th ult., at Troyes (Aube), in a central quarter of the town, with a noise equal to the report of several pieces of artillery. The phenomenon seems to have been confined to the Rue de la Monnaie, where, at No. 37, a young girl was standing on the threshold of her dwelling, saw a fiery globe, of the size of an orange, fall at her feet, then roll along the street, and disappear. She experienced a violent shock, causing a trembling that did not cease until the following day. The pins in her hair were torn away, as well as all the other metal articles she had about her person. Her father, who was leaning against the iron bars of a window of the next house, was paralyzed for a few seconds, and did not recover from the commotion for several days. At No. 24, same street, in the "Election-house," as it is called, the electric fluid fell on a turret behind the house, pierced a hole through the weather-cock, slid down the roof along the zinc which covered it, got inside by loosening the beams that supported the woodwork, broke through the floor into the lower story, made its way through a hall into the spouts and pipes laid down to the first story; thence passed to the next house, broke into a warehouse where there were some iron stoves, with the usual cast-iron ornaments, such as wreaths, flowers, etc., all of which it faithfully designed on the ceiling with the precision of photography; then melted the wire of a bell, the trace of which it left on the wall, and at length took a fancy to some gilt wooden rods intended for sale and wrapped up in paper. These it enriched with fantastic but elegant designs, and after a few more vagaries, took its leave.

A Wonderful Story.

The Oude (India) *Excelsior* prints the following story: "Very recently a native, having ornaments on her person worth about 400 or 500 rupees, accompanied by her daughter, who also wore ornaments worth about 200 rupees, alighted from the train at Hurdul, and hired an ekka to convey them to their village. On arriving at a lonely spot about six miles from Hurdul, there being no villages within miles, the ekka drew up at the side of the road, and the driver suddenly demanded the whole of the jewelry to be given to him. On being refused he tied the woman and the girl up to the ekka, and coolly divested them of every article. He then drew a knife with the intention of murdering them, but in the excitement of the moment let the weapon fall into a ditch about three feet deep. He jumped down, and was just in the act of clutching at the knife when a black snake darted from a hole, and fixed its fangs in his hand; knowing the snake to be an extremely venomous one, he fell down almost senseless with terror, and died in a few minutes. The woman and girl remained there about two hours, when, seeing some villagers at a distance, they screamed for assistance, and, on being released, gave information at the nearest thannah. The police came to the spot, and found the corpse of the ekka-driver, and the snake still there. The corpse was taken to the nearest station for an inquest to be held. The snake was blocked in its hole with a large stone, as the police had not the courage to kill it. The ornaments were found tied up in the kumbarbund of the corpse, and were restored to their owners. The foregoing facts were related to us by one whose veracity we have no reason to doubt."

New Use for Door-Knobs.

Some people have agreeable ways of amusing themselves in the Southwest. An Austin (Texas) paper tells of a barber living in Lampasas, who ornamented the front door of his shop with a white door-knob. It was the first introduced into that fashionable watering-place. The Horrell gang, after killing Capt. Williams and his men, and being rescued from the Georgetown jail (parenthetically remarks the journal referred to), returned to Lampasas, where they got and came unmolested. Spying the white door-knob, they deliberately began to practice at it with their six-shooters—it was such a nice mark—and fairly riddled the knob and the door, and now the barber finds the climate more invigorating on the avenue of our city.

DEMOCRACY AS IT IS.

Its Crimes, Its Follies, and Its False Propositions.

(Extracts from the Speech of Hon. O. P. Morton, at Athens, Ohio.)

The most significant political event of the season is the attempted reorganization of the Democratic party in Ohio and other States upon the basis of its original principles, rejecting and repudiating, after much hesitation, the progress and professions of last year; and this movement in the Democratic party is so general that I am satisfied no new party will soon take its place, and it is a simple choice between that and the Republican party; and that whoever and whatever may contribute to the defeat of the latter is but aiding the success of the former.

"To be, or not to be," is the question which for some two years has agitated and divided the Democratic party. A large number of Democratic politicians, among them some of the wisest and ablest, are of the opinion that the party has outlived its honor and all possibilities of usefulness, and ought to be dissolved and give place to a new organization. They insist that its record during the war is so blackened with treason, so loaded down with blunders, that it cannot be buried out of sight or borne on to victory, and will continue to drag the party down to hopeless and dishonorable defeat. So oppressed were the leaders of that party with this conviction that last year, while still professing to maintain its form and organization, they consented to take as its candidates for President and Vice-President men who had for many years been its most bitter opponents and revilers, and did not entertain a principle in common with it.

Mr. Groesbeck, an eminently respectable gentleman of large ability, who for some years has been spitting upon the Democratic party and declaring it worn out and unclean, but still keeps his paw in it, and, when it travels, rides upon its platform, in a letter recently published says:

"I believe the old historical Democratic organization is spoiled. Blundering constantly during the last ten years and shattered by many defeats, it surrendered finally at the last Presidential election. It cannot recall that surrender, or the confessions then made, and it has no longer strength for victory. In this extremity it would be wise to lay aside the old organization and enter into a new one."

When the members of an organization are divided in opinion as to whether it can honorably continue to exist or ought to be buried out of sight, it would seem there should be but little ground for hesitation on the part of all men who are not bound to that organization by prejudice or interest, in deciding to contribute in no respect to bring it into power.

A majority of the Democratic leaders in Ohio, after full deliberation, have determined to cling to the old organization with all its crimes, follies and blunders upon its head—to stand by its record of principles, and to renew the struggle for the control of the Government.

The platform adopted by the Democratic party at Columbus declares that "the party does not seek to revive dead issues, but stands by its principles, which are suited to all times and circumstances." It makes no mention of what are dead issues, but in reaffirming its former principles, which it declares are suited alike to all times and circumstances, it points to the future of the party as defined by the past. True, it says the Democracy of Ohio are opposed to secession and nullification, but this means no more than "Dear sir" and "your obedient servant" put in a letter to a stranger. The whole of the first resolution, in a mild form, reaffirms the doctrine of State rights; talks about the dangers of centralization, and clearly refers to and reasserts the old Democratic doctrine out of which secession and nullification logically and inevitably flow.

The nomination of ex-Senator Allen, a gentleman of ability and reputation, for the office of Governor, is significant, and was intended to be, that the party has rejected all ideas of progress, and has returned to its ante-bellum notions and principles. Mr. Allen, in the days in which he lived, was a State Rights Democrat of the strictest sect, entertaining all the notions in regard to slavery that were common to his party at that time, and his nomination is a proclamation that the party has returned to those doctrines and ideas. As well attempt to restore the costume and manners of ancient Egypt by presenting for our admiration and pattern well-preserved mummies from her Pyramids. It is a vain and futile attempt to ignore the war and all the mighty lessons and events of the last twelve years. Within that period, since Mr. Allen's departure from political life, and before his resurrection, the greatest events of our national history have occurred—events which have given new form and color to our political system, and must irresistibly shape our national destinies; and the attempt of the Ohio Democracy to ignore these events and changes, and restore the ideas and sentiments of the past, in the nomination of Mr. Allen, will be as flat and unprofitable a performance as that of the Saxon King who sat upon the sea shore and forbade the advancing tide.

The New York World said with satisfaction that Mr. Allen was not in public life during the war, and was not responsible for the course of his party during that period; but my answer is that the course of the Democratic party during the war was the logical result and sequence of the principles which Mr. Allen had advocated throughout his life, and which he has been resurrected to represent.

I have just read a speech made by Mr. Allen, at Hamilton, in this State, in 1863, during the war, in which he declared that slavery ought not to be exterminated, that the Republican party was solely responsible for the war, that the South was driven into secession, that Lincoln had shed enough blood to float the Great Eastern, and his cry was still for more; described the war as murdering seven or eight hundred thousand men, and making a million and a half of orphans; said that it was the work of the Abolitionists, in which the Democrats had to share; that we could only succeed in the war by destroying

the State Governments of the South and putting a garrison in the South of seven or eight hundred thousand men; that if the Abolitionists succeeded in the war, the negroes would come North by the hundred thousand, and take the places left vacant by the murdered white men—men who had been murdered for that very purpose.

The members of the convention who nominated Mr. Allen were not ignorant of his record during the war, and he has been brought forward that these sentiments and his previous opinions in regard to slavery and State sovereignty might be endorsed by the Democracy of Ohio. I speak of him only because he has been put forward to represent the Democratic party of this State and the spirit of that party throughout the United States; and I present the speech of Mr. Allen as representing the general spirit and action of the Democratic party throughout the war. Will the friends of Mr. Allen now say it does not, and that he was worse than the party? We will see.

The question need not be asked, why I again refer to the record and character of the Democratic party. I have no choice in the matter. It has again thrust itself, with all its deformities, with its painful reminiscences, into the face of the nation, demanding recognition and power. It admits no change, professes no regeneration, proclaims its ancient heraldry and principles, and stands before us the hateful political thing it was during the war and for ten years before. We are told that we should let bygones be bygones; and yet we are confronted at the same moment with the columns of the Democratic party flying at their head their ancient banners, on which are indelibly inscribed: "The preservation of human slavery—the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—The Dred Scott Decision—The Resolutions of 1798—The Government has no right to coerce a State to remain in the Union—No power to suppress the Rebellion—Not a man nor a dollar for the unholy war—Opposition to the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments—Reconstruction laws null and void—No power to punish the Ku-Klux—This is the white man's Government—No national unity, but sovereign and independent States;" and the long catalogue of intermediate crimes and blunders that I have not time to mention.

The masses of all parties are honest, and intend to be patriotic, and their errors arise from their principles and education. The course of the Democratic party before and during the war was the legitimate result of its principles and education for years, and these, rather than the individual members of the party, should be held responsible for its crimes and follies. To be compelled to review these principles and rehearse the story of their bloody consequences is repulsive enough, but as long as they are urged upon the American people they must be fought and exposed, be the task ever so irksome.

It is true, in morals as in physics, that the same principles always produce kindred results, varying only with the circumstances of time and place. And here is the Democratic party proudly asserting its ancient privileges, permeated and saturated through and through with the ideas to which I have referred, and loaded down with the black and bloody events to which they have given rise. The Democratic party has done no good thing for twenty years, but has sinned continually, and is not only incapable of reform, as declared by Mr. Groesbeck, but scarcely makes serious pretense of a purpose in that direction. It has made dalliance with the Civil Service Reform; it may fondle the Farmers' movement; but these do not enter into the serious purposes of its life, which is to restore the Democratic party to power with its ancient principles, and set at defiance as far as possible the march of events and the progress of the last twelve years. The Republican party is invited to abandon the contest at the very moment when the Democratic party renews it.

When the Union army met the rebel hosts at Gettysburg, they did not ask for a declaration of their intentions. Their previous history and declaration, their banners and uniforms, showed what they meant. And so when we meet the Democratic party in battle array, with their ancient banners flying, we know what is meant without asking any questions. Their present declarations or equivocations are wholly unimportant.

The maintenance of the Democratic party means devotion to its principles, its record, and its traditions, and its friends will not dare say it means anything else. The men who control the Democratic party throughout the United States to-day were educated in the belief that the Government is but a compact or alliance between sovereign and independent States; that slavery was the normal condition of the colored race; that the Government had no constitutional power to prevent the secession of the Southern States or suppress the rebellion. In their hearts they mourn the abolition of slavery; they do not believe in the natural rights or capacity of the colored race; they abhor the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as exorcises on the Constitution. It is because of this education and this belief that they love the Democratic party, for it means to them all these things. Nor do I question their sincerity and devotion to the record and principles of the Democratic party; and it is precisely because of that sincerity and devotion that the party is dangerous to the future peace of the nation. These men look upon the changes and events of the last ten years as the old party in Japan look upon Christianity and the civilization of Western Europe. They want none of it.

These opinions crop out constantly in their speeches, State papers, conventions, and newspapers.

Last year the Democratic leaders, while wholly unregenerate in their hearts, attempted victory by false promises—by marching under false colors. They took for their candidate for President a high-tariff Republican, and adopted a platform which was Republican in all its leading features. The people did not believe in their sincerity, but they vociferously swore they were in earnest, and had in good faith turned their backs upon the past. But now they admit the attempted fraud, laugh

in the faces of the Liberals, and tell them they never attempted to abandon their old faith and party, and merely wanted to use their fingers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

The Liberal Republicans believed last year they had captured the Democracy and led them, to make a final renunciation of their old principles, and to recognize in good faith the constitutional amendments, the enfranchisement of the colored race, and the general results of the war. And their ambition to accomplish this was a noble one, and might well appeal to the highest patriotism; but all their efforts have proved a lamentable failure. Last year, under their lead, the Democracy professed to recognize the natural and political rights of the colored man and the validity of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; but in their several State platforms this year they significantly ignore all these things, declaring that upon all great questions they stand where they have always stood. And as up to last year they had denied the validity of the amendments, and refused to accept colored suffrage as a finality, they have again distinctly placed themselves upon that ground.

What faith can the nation have in any professions of reform made by these politicians, who, after flitting and masquerading on all political questions, finally throw off the mask, and, with derisive shouts, tell their late allies: "We were only trying to use you; we are nothing but old-fashioned, ante-war, pro-slavery Democrats, and deny the existence of the nation and assert the sovereignty of the States."

A Question with Only One Answer.

A young man from the provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish and say there is no God, God was only a word. After staying several years in the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasures and business, two girls, aged respectively 12 and 13, were seated in a bay window reading together. The young man approached them and asked:

"What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?"

"We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe, then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And you, sir—do you not believe it?"

"Once I believed it, but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir, was never in Paris, I have never studied philosophy or mathematics, or all those beautiful things which you know—I only know my catechism; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?"

"A funny question. Truly the egg comes from the hen."

"And now, sir, whence comes the hen?"

"You know that as well as I do, miss; the hen comes from the egg."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen, but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen, then, which did not come from an egg?"

"Beg your pardon, miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is, then, an egg which did not come from a hen?"

"Oh! if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen or the hen before the egg."

"Well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well, here is, then, a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me, now, who made this first from which all other hens and eggs come?"

"With your hens and eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer."

"By no means; I only asked you to tell me whence come the mother of all hens and eggs."

"But for what object?"

"Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or, as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world, and this being we call God. You, who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still wish to maintain to be able to explain the existence of this world without God."

The young man was silent. He quietly took his hat, and, full of shame, departed.

A Delicate Operation.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says that Dr. E. H. Hazen, a few days ago, performed the rare and delicate surgical operation of removing the crystalline lens from the left eye of a Mr. Rhoads, of Muscatine, aged 56. The lens had become opaque, and the eye was practically valueless to him. As this lens lies back of the cornea, iris and aqueous humor, the extreme delicacy of the operation may be imagined. A slight tremor in the hand of the operator, or a slight movement of the patient, might have resulted in the permanent ruin of the eye. Fortunately the operation was highly successful, and, with the adjustment of a glass of the proper focus to the eye, Mr. Rhoads will again have the use of it.

Kentucky Equestrianism.

A Kentucky paper tells a story of a negro, whose mule took fright and ran away with him straight toward a precipice at a point where there is a sheer descent of fifty feet. The mule saw his danger, and stopped suddenly at the very brink, but the shock threw the negro over his head. He didn't fall, however, for just as he was going over the mule's head, he clutched at the rein, and held on to it, and, as the mule sprang back at that instant, he was landed in safety on the bank.